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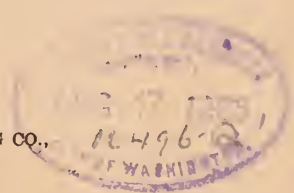
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Anecdotes
And
Reminiscences
of
Gen'l U.S. Grant

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REMINISCENCES OF GEN. GRANT.

ANECDOTES TOLD BY OLD FRIENDS AND COMRADES.

NEW AND INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS WHICH SHOW HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN, AS A SOLDIER AND AS A PUBLIC OFFICIAL—HIS GREATNESS.

"I formed Grant's acquaintance in 1848, and in a short time the acquaintance ripened into friendship," said Mr. Jesse Seligman. "This friendship existed up to the day of his death, and we were often together. I met him at Sackett's Harbor. He was a Lieutenant then, and as I liked him I watched him with much interest. One day, before the resumption of specie payment, we were discussing resumption, and he said that all the power in the country could not make us resume specie payment until our exports exceeded our imports, and he was right.

"The country should be eternally thankful for his veto of the Inflation bill. Pressure was brought to bear upon him from every part of the country to induce him to sign that bill. A great deal of the influence came from men high in authority, and from whom nobody could reasonably expect anything but correct and honest judgment upon all matters appertaining to the affairs of state. Grant's opinion of the bill at first was unfavorable, and he had about made up his mind to veto it, when he permitted himself to be persuaded by the great pressure to meditate signing it and sending it to Congress with a message favoring it.

"The message was written, but he delayed affixing his signature to the bill until the evening of the day when he would be compelled to render his decision either for or against it. He had been harassed by a multitude of cares, but at eleven o'clock that night he sat down at his desk with the bill and the message before him. The house was quiet, the night was still, and, thrusting all other matters out of

his mind, he devoted himself to deep and earnest thought concerning the bill. How long he considered the matter I do not know, but he finally concluded that the signing of the bill would be an injury to the country. Having reached this conclusion, he seized the message and tore it into fragments. The next day Congress and the country learned that he had vetoed the bill. In speaking to me about the matter sometime afterward, he told me that when he saw the evil that might attend the passing of the bill, and how near he had come to favoring its passage, he exclaimed:

“ ‘My God, have I served my country during all its trials of war to consent now to a bill which, after due consideration, I believe, will be dangerous to its credit?’ ”

“He told me that at ten o'clock the next morning he called his Cabinet together and read to them his reasons for vetoing it, and that while the Cabinet was in favor of the bill before, every member of it then agreed with him.

“A person watching Grant with his family around him could have no doubt as to the great love he bore his wife and children. I venture to say that no family was more closely united, and more loyal and true than his.

“After his return from his tour abroad he was probably the best informed man in this country. His knowledge of China and Japan was something wonderful. He seemed to take a peculiar interest in those countries, and made a study of them. He kept himself informed of the condition of the masses in England, and took more interest in them than he did in the nobility. When he arrived in London the American Minister called upon him with a copy of the speech with which the Lord Mayor intended to welcome him on the next day.

“ ‘Here is the speech,’ said the Minister; ‘you can read it and prepare your speech in reply to it.’ ”

“ ‘For God's sake keep it away from me,’ said Grant. ‘I won't be able to say a word unless I do it spontaneously.’ He did speak spontaneously, and in referring to it afterward, he said it was the best speech he had ever made.”

Robert Bonner said of Gen. Grant: “I knew Gen. Grant for twenty years. Before his first election as President he seldom omitted to ride with me through Central Park after Dexter. Our acquaintance first arose from Gen. Grant's fondness for horses. I considered him a good judge of horse-flesh, too. I have in my pos-

session a letter written to me by Gen. Grant in 1868, in which he predicted that we would eventually have horses in America which would trot in 2:10. It is somewhat strange that he should have made the remark to me, and that I should afterward own the horse which accomplished the feat. In the same letter he spoke of his returning to his Missouri farm, whence he offered to send me a team.

"I knew Gen. Grant's father very well," continued Mr. Bonner. "He was an able man and a good writer. He wrote one year the address of the Democratic State Committee of Ohio. Afterward he wrote a series of biographical sketches, which were printed in the *New York Ledger* in 1867.

"As to Gen. Grant, he was a very level-headed man. After his first election he said he felt that he was under no obligation to politicians. The people, he said, elected him, and he stated it openly. But after he had been in Washington for six months he confessed that he could not run the Government without consulting the party leaders. Yes, I consider Gen. Grant a very able man, and if you should look at the pictures of both his father and his mother, you could see where he got his strength of character."

"Reminiscences of Gen. Grant in the war? Let me see," said Gen. Henry A. Barnum yesterday. "I served personally with Gen. Grant at Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, in November, '63. I'll tell you about that campaign. In the fall of '63, after Gen. Grant had captured Vicksburg, Gettysburgh had been won, and Chickamauga had been lost, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Army of the Potomac were sent west to relieve the Army of the Cumberland, hemmed in at Chattanooga by the victorious Confederate forces under Gen. Bragg. My command was in the Twelfth Corps. Grant had been made Lieutenant-General. The military crisis of the year was at Chattanooga. Grant came, and then was planned the series of operations that resulted in Hooker's poetic fight on Lookout Mountain, above the clouds. Sherman's desperate assault upon Bragg's right above Chattanooga, followed the next day by Thomas's advance on Missionary Ridge, on Bragg's centre, which, with the following engagement at Ringgold, a few miles distant, fought by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, sent the rebel army flying discomfited and demoralized. All, from Grant to the private soldier, did their whole duty. But above them all was the great, silent Grant, to whose genius and indomitable will success was undoubtedly due."

"My military recollections of Gen. Grant are of his service in the Army of the Potomac," said Gen. Martin T. McMahon. "He joined the Army of the Potomac just before the Wilderness campaign. I was then Chief of Staff of the Sixth Army Corps, under Gen. Sedgwick. A day or two after Grant's arrival, Gen. Meade ordered a review of the Sixth Corps. We considered the Sixth Corps the crack corps of the army, and supposed that Gen. Meade ordered the review in order to make the best possible impression upon Grant. When the troops were in position, I was sent to guide the Lieutenant-General and Gen. Meade to the reviewing ground. That was the first time I ever saw Gen. Grant. He was followed by all the corps commanders, and nearly all the staff of the army. He came along at a very lively pace over the fields. We of the corps thought the review was a very grand success, but what Gen. Grant thought about it nobody ever found out. Every two or three days I would see Grant for a minute or two. He appeared very quiet and almost sombre, and the campaign was not a cheerful one. I do not remember ever seeing him smile. The last time I saw him during that period was at City Point. I spent a couple of days there with Gen. Babcock. I sat near Gen. Grant every day at table. Gen. Doyle, Governor-General of Nova Scotia, was Gen. Grant's guest at the time. I was greatly impressed with Gen. Grant's quiet manner at table. He talked little, but listened to every word that was said. I saw Gen. Grant at the battlefields of Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania. He rode out at Spottsylvania with Gen. Meade and others about the time the last attack was made. At Cold Harbor, the most disastrous battle of the campaign, we lost 12,000 men. We achieved a decided success in the morning. Hancock captured a whole division, and held it until the next day, when musketry fire on both sides cut down trees fourteen inches in diameter."

"Incidents are what you want," said Gen. Chas. K. Graham.

Mrs. Graham looked to the gray whiskered face of the General, and said: "You might tell him about the first time I was under fire."

"So I might," the General said, brightening up. "I was commander of the squadron that advanced up the James River when Gen. Grant's headquarters were at City Point. I got orders from Gen. Butler one night to be in readiness next morning at nine o'clock with my tug, the *Chamberlain*, for a little quiet run on the river. At the appointed hour Gens. Grant, Butler, Dent, Porter,

and others whom I do not now remember, got on board. As we neared Bermuda Hundred my guests were eating dinner in the cabin. The gunboat *Pequot*, which was ahead of us, was being fired on at short range by a battery on shore. Steaming ahead, one or two of the shots intended for the *Pequot* passed disagreeably near our tug. I feared that our cabin, a flimsy affair, might be riddled, and possibly the boiler be penetrated. I therefore called my guests on deck. As they came out a colored man carrying a tray of dishes followed. He was standing on the top step when a shell went whizzing by a few feet above the head of Mrs. Graham, who was with us at the time. The colored man turned almost white with fear, dropped his tray full of dishes, and fell backward into the cabin. The danger did not prevent Gens. Grant and Butler from laughing at the darky until the tears stood in their eyes.

“‘That shell made a very close call. If they knew you were on board, General, I think they would try to drop their shots in a little closer,’ I said.

“‘Oh, no,’ Gen. Grant replied, laughingly. ‘I incline to think that if they were aware you were on board they would be much more anxious.’

“After that trip I saw much of Gen. Grant. In camp he was a man of the simplest habits. A good horse gave him more satisfaction than anything else. He was free from airs that his commanding position at the time might have excused. But with all his kindness there was a firmness that expressed itself less in his features than about the eyes, which clearly pointed out to all, however familiar they may have been with him, that when he commanded he would enforce the strictest obedience. As a military chieftain he was as unlike the heroes of the Old World as men well could be. His mind was slow, but when the idea was formed it was an idea to tie to.”

“I saw a good deal of Gen. Grant while I was Adjutant-General of the Fifth Army Corps,” said Colonel Fred. T. Locke. “I was aboard Gen. Grant’s own steamboat after the battle of Vicksburg, when the Congressional Committee came down from Washington and gave him the gold medal voted by Congress together with resolutions of thanks to himself and his officers. He showed great modesty on the occasion. He wouldn’t trust himself to make any extemporaneous reply. He took a piece of paper from his pocket and read that he accepted the medal and thanks of Congress, and would take the earliest opportunity to convey them to the

officers under his command. I saw him frequently on the battlefield, but he was just as unassuming there as everywhere else. I saw him once sitting on a rail fence, with a soldier's overcoat on, calmly smoking a cigar, and listening to the talk of his corp officers who were around him. No one would have taken him for the Commander of the armies of the United States."

"It's a historical fact," said Gen. Edward Jardine, "that when Gen. Grant took charge of the Army of the Potomac he placed all the first two-year men, veterans, at the front. They made themselves conspicuous in the battle of the Wilderness, where Grant used all the men he had. When a large majority of Grant's staff were in favor of retreating he said:

" 'I'll move on the enemy in the morning.' "

When President Johnson made his the famous tour of country, accompanied by his Cabinet, which, from an expression in one of the President's remarkable speeches, came to be known as "swinging around the circle," Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous figure of the party. He was then at the zenith of his military fame. He had not then been at all identified with any political party. He was known only as the great soldier who was everywhere hailed as the savior of the nation. His reception everywhere was as cordial as any that ever fell to the lot of man. The people seemed to worship him. They crowded to look at him, and fairly fought to gain the honor of touching his hand. They almost worshipped him. They pressed forward as if he had been some venerated being, a touch of the hem of whose garment would be the most valued favor. At that time he was known as the Sphinx. He would not speak, but the great crowds were none the less eager to look upon him. They were even glad to cheer him as he showed himself on the platform of the moving trains. The President and his Cabinet sank into insignificance beside him. Johnson and Seward and even Farragut were overshadowed by the great General. It was this trip that settled the question of Grant's succession to the Presidency. No other candidate could have stood the slightest chance against him. It was only a question which party should get possession of him. The Republicans won the prize, and perpetuated a power which was then waning, and which, but for Grant, would have long since passed away.

Col. William H. Payne, assistant engineer of the Brooklyn bridge,

served continuously on the staff of the Generals of the Army of the Potomac, his chief business being to prepare the maps of the country through which the army was moving. While Gen. Meade was his commander he had several opportunities to see much of Grant and study his characteristics. Col. Paine said: "Immediately after crossing the Rapidan, the first movement of the Wilderness campaign under Grant, the enemy struck our extreme right and gained an advantage. Gen. Shaler was captured, and if the enemy had only known it there was a way open to advance the headquarters, our line being broken on the side. I reported this state of affairs to Meade in the presence of Gen. Grant. Some of us were much agitated. This is the conversation that occurred between Grant and Meade as I remember it:

Meade—'In these circumstances the throwing up of earthworks would seem to be the best course to pursue. In this way we can protect the army.'

Grant—'We will move forward in the morning.'

Meade—'But the enemy will be in our immediate front.'

Grant—'Then flank them.'

Meade—'What disposition of the troops must be made for that movement?'

Grant—'You are in command of this part of the army, and will fight better on your own plans than mine.'

"This will illustrate one of Grant's characteristics—the manner in which he trusted his subordinates. He placed implicit confidence in them, and although he sometimes made mistakes, his judgment was generally excellent in the selection of those who were to serve him. He was not in the habit of going into details; he gave his general orders in few words. As to his courage on the most trying occasion there could be no question. While the movement across Hatcher's Run was in progress, Grant rode out of the woods followed by his staff, and, having reached a point in advance of the main line, and slightly in the rear of the skirmish line, he dismounted and sat down under a tree. He called for a map which I had prepared, and, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, he examined it in the coolest possible manner. The enemy were at this time making a target of him and his staff at a moderate range. But Grant remained quietly seated for a quarter of an hour, entirely undisturbed by the bursting of shells in his immediate vicinity. There were several old soldiers there who thought it was the hottest spot they had ever struck in their lives. When Grant remounted and rode off, there was no haste

in his movements. Under all circumstances he had full possession of his faculties and judgment. His words were few. He hardly ever displayed any humor when in the army. A smile from him was more than a loud laugh from others. I often looked at him, and wondered if he comprehended all that was going on. I am convinced that he did, and that he brought his best judgment to bear in weighing every matter presented for his consideration. He would not leave anything to doubt. He would never change his plans until there was a positive demand for a change. He had implicit confidence in those he put in charge of movements, and would support them. There was no officer closely identified with him in the army who does not know that this reliance on subordinates sometimes led to evil consequences. Stolid as Grant appeared to be, I have no doubt that he felt as deeply about the horrors of war as those who were more demonstrative."

Gen. James Jourdan of Brooklyn, was an ardent supporter of and a believer in Gen. Grant. The acquaintance between them began in September, 1864, during the operations before Richmond.

"It was," said Gen. Jourdan, "about 10 o'clock in the morning, during the battle at Chapin's Farm, that I recognized Gen. Grant as he came riding along from the right. I was then temporarily in command of the Second Division of the Eighteenth Corps. We had some conversation about the situation, and after giving me some suggestions, Grant rode off to meet Gen. Stannard. The next day the enemy made a fierce assault to recapture the position it had lost, and Gen. Stannard, having been wounded, I assumed command of the division. The enemy was repulsed. The next morning Grant rode along the field, and remained with me about an hour. He seemed to have a thorough grasp of the entire situation. He was then a wiry, well-built, compact man of about 150 pounds, active in his manner, and with a face much bronzed with the sun.

"I held the salient position on Fort Harrison opposite to Richmond, and Grant came to see me and inspect the works at least once a week. I never met a more quiet, unassuming and unpretentious man. One recognized in him at once the amiable gentleman and the resolute General. There was no show about it. With him everything was a matter of business. He was just as cool and calm amid the roar of artillery as he was when I saw him years afterwards sitting on the veranda of his cottage at Long Branch. During his Presidential terms he had very little to say, but what he did say

was in slow and firm words, and there could be no mistake about his meaning. I saw him frequently after the close of the war, and noticed that he was as guarded in his utterances then as when he was the leader of a million men. But he was frank and friendly in his conversation, and more particularly charming and interesting when he knew that his words would not be repeated. He had a wonderful memory, and when recalling scenes and incidents of the war you would think he had maps and documents before him. I voted in the Convention for Grant for a third term because I believed he was the only man who could be elected. I was one of the 306 who stood by him to the last. At the same time, I believe that Grant was persuaded to go into the movement against his own inclinations, judgment and convictions."

Lawyer Charles F. Gregg, a Grand Army veteran, tells this incident:

"While on duty at Cold Harbor I was detailed to take some dispatches to Grant's tent, I was then a Lieutenant, and for the purpose of making a favorable impression I put on my most shewy uniform, with plenty of gold trappings and lace. When I saw Grant he was sitting in his tent, in his shirt sleeves, with an old slouch hat on, and the rest of his clothes looking rather seedy. The men around him were dressed in an equally careless manner. When I was leaving Grant asked my name, and said: 'You must have got up rather early to be dressed as you are this morning.' I saluted, and went off without making any reply. I learned a good lesson that morning."—*The N. Y. Sun*.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE GREAT LEADER'S CHARACTERISTICS.

One of Grant's historical remarks was made at Belmont, during the Fort Donelson campaign, when he was told that he was surrounded, and simply answered: "Well, then, we must cut our way out."

Another of the remarks attributed to him is said to have been made at the battle of Shiloh. Buell had arrived on the field and the aspect of affairs struck him as requiring of a prudent general provision for the possibilities of defeat. He asked Grant what had been

done in this direction and received this reply: "I have not despaired of whipping them yet." When Buell urged his point, Grant pointed to his transports and said: "Don't you see those boats?" "Yes," was Buell's reply, "but we have more than 20,000 troops and these will only carry 10,000." "Well," returned Grant, "10,000 are more than I intend to retreat with."

Some of Grant's letters have a quaint humor. When the Vicksburg campaign was at its height, the General heard that Johnston was doing his best to get together an army to relieve the place. He wrote to Sherman: "They seem to put a great deal of faith in the Lord and Joe Johnston, but *you* must whip Johnston at least fifteen miles from here."

The Rev. Dr. C. C. McCabe, recently gave this contribution to the war memories connected with the ex-President's name: "A short time ago I had an interview with Gen. Grant. The conversation turned upon the war. I asked him the question, 'Did you take Lee's sword at Appomattox?' His reply was in the following language, almost to the letter: 'No, I did not. Lee came there wearing the magnificent sword which the State of Virginia gave him, evidently expecting that it would be preserved in the archives of the Government. But I did not want him to surrender it to me. I sat down at once and busied myself with writing the terms of surrender. When I had finished them I handed them to General Lee. He read them and remarked: 'They certainly are very generous terms indeed.' He then told me that his cavalymen owned their own horses, and if they were deprived of them they could not put in their crops. Then I gave the order: 'Take your horses home with you, for you'll need them in the spring ploughing.' This is the simple story of the surrender, told to me in Grant's own parlor. Cæsar would have had that sword; Napoleon would have demanded it; Wellington would not have been satisfied without it; but U. S. Grant was too great to take it."

Gen. Grant's parentage was traceable through a line of Puritan patriots far back to England. A Hartford gentleman having access to the first page of a thick little memorandum book, well preserved in its sheep-skin bindings in which such matters are noted, once copied the following entries:

"May the 29, 1645, Mathew Grant and Susanna ware married. Mathew Grant was then three and forty years of age, seven moneths and cyghtene dayes; borne in the yeare 1601. October 27, Tuesdaye.

Susanna Grant was then three and fourty years of age, seven weeks and 4 days; borne in the year 1692 April the 5, Mondaye."

This was the second marriage of Gen. Grant's great-great-grand-father.

In Galena, when the war broke out, Gen. Grant was principally noted for saying little. The one essential requisite for a successful storekeeper in a Western town, the gift of talking, he utterly lacked. He despised the petty quarrels about local politics and seemed to have no theories of government to spread before his customers. When one of them attempted to engage him in a discussion of some such matter he is said to have replied :

"I don't know anything of party politics, and I don't want to. There is one subject on which I feel perfectly at home. Talk to me of that and I shall be happy to hear you." "What is that?" "Tanning leather."

Senator "Ben" Wade, the bluff old Ohioan, during the wrangle over the War Office with President Johnson, said : "I have often tried to find out whether Grant is for Congress or Johnson, or what the devil he is for, but I can never get anything out of him. As quick as I talk politics Grant will take horse, and he can talk horse by the hour."

While the General was acting as Secretary of War in 1867, an editor from the South-west pushed into his office and insisted on worming out an interview. Grant turned the subject. The editor promptly came back to it and said : "General, we want to run you for President, and I want to know what I can say when I return home." The General said peremptorily : "Say nothing, sir; I want nothing said."

Gen. Grant recently told the story of his appointment to West Point to an intimate friend. His account of it was substantially as follows :

"My father was a good writer and something of a politician; indeed, a good deal of one. He had become estranged from Congressman Thomas L. Hamer, afterward Gen. Hamer, who represented our district. The cadet who represented the district died. My father wanted me appointed, but was too high-spirited to approach Mr. Hamer about the matter. In fact, they did not speak to each other. But it seems that Hamer was anxious for a reconciliation, and when my mother and Mrs. Hamer came together, they talked it over, woman fashion. The result was that I was appointed, without anything being said by Mr. Hamer to father. I was a small boy for my age, giving no special promise of any kind,

but Mr. Hamer always believed in my future, even when things looked least promising."

In a talk with a friend at Long Branch last year Gen. Grant said:

"I had to contend as a General not only with foes in front, but with a combination in the army under my command, the extent and working of which were mysterious and unfathomable. It was constantly and actively at work against me. The one thing that helped me through was that somehow or other Mr. Lincoln believed in me, and they could never shake that belief."

In the summer of 1883 Gen. Grant spent some time at Deer Park, Maryland. A lady of Chillicothe, Ohio, also stopping there, related to him her experience many years ago in going from the place where Gen. Grant then lived to Chillicothe, in a wagon driven by him. He was only ten or eleven years old at the time. It was a long and difficult road. The lady was a little girl at the time, accompanying her father and mother. It grew dark before they reached Chillicothe, and her father became alarmed, especially as his pilot was so youthful. But the lad kept saying: "Now, just trust me, and I'll get through all right." The General listened to the story with a great deal of interest, and said he remembered well the eventful ride, which he considered one of the most important in his life, because it helped make responsibility a habit with him.

One Sunday last summer, before Gen. Grant's disease was discovered, he sat on the ocean porch of his cottage at Long Branch. The friend who was with him happened to speak of Garfield, when the General, who was still suffering from the effects of his fall on the eve of the previous Christmas, said:

"Do you know, as I have been obliged to sit day after day, awaiting the slow recovery of my injury, I have often thought of poor Garfield, as he lay at Elberon, looking wistfully out on the ocean, and waiting the certain but slow and tedious approach of death. In such a dying it seems to me a man must suffer all the torments of the damned—to know that death approaches, and to feel so utterly powerless and impotent in its face. Between such a lingering death and a sudden death, any honest man, prepared to meet his Maker, would infinitely prefer the latter."

The General's words made only a light impression at the time, but were quickly remembered when his disease was developed.

On another day last summer, while the ex-President was riding in Central Park, his carriage was stopped a few minutes for some purpose. As he sat looking around him, a soldier named Brady, whom

he knew by sight, a man who had lost a limb at Vicksburg, but who is a pretty good pedestrian on a cork leg, came along. He stopped a moment to exchange courtesies with the General and said:

"I've only got one sound leg, General, but when I hear of your broken one, I wish I could exchange with you."

The General's face lighted up as he replied pleasantly, picking up his crutches so that Brady could see them: "Why, man, I'm better off than you; I've four legs, you see."

A new story is told of Gen. Grant's remembrance of his friends and enemies. Shortly after he became President, an old army officer applied for an important arsenal appointment at Washington. Grant refused flatly to make the appointment. Mrs. Grant, Gen. Ingalls and Cabinet members tried to change his mind, but without avail. They could not understand the reason for his firmness, and were obliged to give up the task. Mrs. Grant persisted in finding out his reason. It came out that when the General was stationed at Fort Vancouver, the applicant had been his commandant. There was a great scarcity of potatoes one season. Grant conceived the idea of planting a big patch of them. He borrowed the money to buy seed at San Francisco from the commandant at 2 per cent. a month, and got an old sergeant to clear a plot of ground. He had a good crop, but everybody else had also planted largely, and he lost money. When he resigned he still owed the principal of his debt, which was onerously held over him, and he borrowed the money from a sergeant to pay it. It was not until after the fall of Fort Donelson that he was able to repay the latter. The sergeant had meantime had his feet frozen off, and been subjected to some indignities at the hands of the commandant, which so greatly embittered Grant against the latter, that his application for place resulted as stated above. As soon as he had the power, the General made the old sergeant the commanding officer at Fort Vancouver, and when it was abandoned he appointed him postmaster at Baker City. When the sergeant died, his wife and his daughter were successively appointed to the same office.

A characteristic remark of Gen. Grant's was made in reply to certain gentlemen who objected to his appointment of colored men to important positions in the public service while President. He had just appointed E. P. Bassett, of Pennsylvania, to be Minister to Hayti and was known to contemplate the selection of J. Milton Turner, of Missouri, as Minister to Liberia, an appointment shortly

afterward made. Some of the Republican members of Congress doubted the wisdom of sending men of color to so important posts without previous trial in minor positions. President Grant's sole remark on the subject was : "I tried the blacks under the guns of Petersburg."

An incident showing the wonderful self-command of the ex-President is related by an eye-witness. The General was talking with his physicians in regard to the symptoms of his case when Col. Frederick Grant suddenly came into the room where they were sitting and said : "Father, the Retirement bill has been passed by Congress." "Are you quite sure?" said the veteran soldier quietly, not a shade of excitement visible in his face. "Is there not some mistake?" Col. Grant assured him that the news was true. Mrs. Grant entering at the moment repeated her son's statement in a quick, nervous way. Gen. Grant turned to his physicians again and resumed his conversation with them, not betraying by word or manner the deep interest which the announcement must have awakened in him; for it is well-known that the previous refusal of Congress to pass the Retirement bill had affected him deeply. Just before his son entered, Dr. Fordyce Barker had taken the pulse of the invalid. A moment after Col. Grant had spoken he took it again and found that an acceleration of twenty beats in a minute had been the result; but only in this way could it be perceived that the welcome words so suddenly pronounced had produced any impression upon him.

Gen. Grant's early schooling was not extensive. An old weather-beaten, tumble-down hovel in which he went to school, is still to be seen at Amelia, Clairmont County. He was not studious, but he would take a book of biographies of great men and devour it by the hour. He was always punctual, but, though he had rough native courtesy, he seldom spoke to any one. He usually sat on a stump and watched the boys play, but would always join in a snow-ball fight. He was extremely obstinate. He had one fight with the schoolmaster and won it. Some of the boys attempted to take Grant's knife from him. The schoolmaster took sides with the boys and ordered Grant to give it up, which he refused to do. The teacher took a long hickory switch and flogged the boy till his arm ached. Grant neither begged, flinched nor surrendered, but clung to the knife, and the master had to give in at last and let him keep it.

HOW A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY MADE THE GENERAL OBEY HIS OWN ORDERS.

Captain John R. Steere, now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, tells a good story, showing how he, when but sixteen years of age, made Gen. Grant obey his own orders.

The occurrence took place in the early stages of the war, shortly after Grant had received his commission as Brigadier-General, and was placed in command of the military district of Missouri, with headquarters at Cairo. John Steere, then a boy a little over sixteen years of age, enlisted and was ordered, with others, to report at Cairo, which they did. Five days after enlisting they were drilled in marching and manœuvring without uniform or arms. This was continued for a few days, when the new recruits got a uniform and an old Harper's Ferry musket, one of those old affairs that every time the gun was discovered the shooter had to go hunting for the hammer of his gun.

The morning after young Steere got his gun he was stationed at Gen. Grant's headquarters as guard. The headquarters was located on the levee fronting the Ohio River, near the junction of the Mississippi River. It was in November, and the day was a cold and boisterous one. Steere's military experience was very limited indeed, and the inclement weather did not exactly suit him. His orders were to let no one except an officer, or one on official business, enter the building. He stood at his post of duty until chilled through and through, when he set his musket up in one corner of the door, leaning against the sill, and himself close up against the building, with the cape of his overcoat pulled up over his ears to keep warm.

As every person who came near the place seemed to be an officer he molested no one, devoting all his time and attention to keeping himself warm and comfortable. Morpheus courted him, and he was on the verge of taking a pleasant snooze when some one coming down the stairway aroused him. Looking up he saw an officer buckling on an elegant sword. After passing through the door the officer came to a hall, and, looking at the guard indignantly, asked:

"What are you doing there?"

"I'm the guard," replied Steere.

"An excellent guard, indeed. Do you know whose headquarters this is?"

"Yes, sir; Gen. Grant's."

The officer looked at the guard a moment in silence, and then thundered.

"Stand up there, sir, and bring your gun to a shoulder!"

Young Steere did as requested, bringing his gun to a shoulder like a squirrel hunter. The officer took the gun from him and went through the manual of arms for him. He remained with him for fifteen or twenty minutes until he taught him how to handle his gun, when he asked:

"How long have you been in the service?"

"Several days."

"Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir; never saw you before."

"I am Gen. Grant. You have deserted your post of duty, sir, which is a very serious breach of discipline. I will not punish you this time, but, young man, be very careful it does not occur again. Orders must be strictly and promptly obeyed always."

Several days after this young Steere was put on guard on a steam-boat which was being loaded with provisions and ammunition, with orders to allow no one with a lighted pipe or cigar to come within a given distance—about fifty feet. He had not been at his post of duty more than an hour when Gen. Grant approached with a lighted cigar between his teeth. He seemed to be deep in thought, but the moment he came near the gangplank his musings were interrupted.

"Halt!" cried the young guard, bringing his gun to his shoulder.

The General was taken completely by surprise. He looked at the young guard, who had him covered with his gun, amazed, and then his countenance showed traces of arising anger. But he did not budge an inch.

"I have been taught to obey orders strictly and promptly," explained Steere, quoting the General; "and as my orders are to allow no one to approach this boat with a lighted cigar, you will please throw yours away."

Grant smiled, threw his cigar into the river, and crossed the gangplank on to the boat,—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

GRANT'S DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Grant as a boy and young man was like most young fellows, differing from them in but few things. The great points in his character began to show at the time when he undertook the discharge of important public duties. From that period he exhibited that decision of character which has ever since been so conspicuous in his mental make up, and which was one of his most valuable traits. He rarely doubted or showed any sign of hesitation about what course to take when action was necessary. It is not given to all men to see the way at important and critical moments as clearly as he did, and to decide on sight as truly what was the right thing to do at the moment. But it is within reach of every man, who is a competent free agent, to avoid that "indisision" which is so great a hinderer in the conduct of this world's affairs. This weakness Grant never seemed to know. Having the quality of decision, he was a man of action; a man who did things rather than one who talked about doing them. Without intending to substitute the act for the word, in telling what he intended to do, still that was the effect of his modes of thought and action. He was an exemplar and a personification of what the word duty means. From the day he went into the field as an officer having charge of other men, and having responsibilities of his own, his first and last thought was to do his duty faithfully, as duty should always be done. If he was ordered to do a duty he obeyed promptly, to his best understanding and ability, without questioning the authority that had the right to command him, and uncomplaining as to any personal discomfort or sacrifice. If the duty came to him when he was commanding officer he kept it steadily in view and performed it in the same spirit. As to all this, his career furnishes a great example. He was human enough to err, but making mistakes as he did, and as he himself frankly and sincerely admitted, he was man enough to confess them, and large minded enough to attempt to rectify them, and whenever it was within his reach to try to make reparation. Commonplace as this virtue seems to be it is a lofty quality in whatever man possesses it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

GRANT AS A SCHOOLBOY.

William Stewart, one of the *Times-Star's* oldest compositors, and his wife both come from Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio, where they attended the same school with the boy Ulysses S. Grant. "He was a real nice boy, but he never had anything to say," said Mrs. Stewart, "and when he did say something he always made it short. That was the thing I remember best about him. We went to school together, and I recollect that he never whispered like the other boys, and the teachers were never obliged to whip or correct him."

"Was he a particularly bright scholar?"

"No; he was just like the rest of us; but he was smart, and then, of course, his West Point training did everything for him. Old Gen. Hamer, our Congressman, who lived right across the street from us, sent him to West Point. The General was a kind-hearted man, and he was a great friend of Jesse R. Grant, Ulysses's father, who ran a little tan yard in Georgetown. Ulysses's folks moved away when he was about fifteen years old and then I did not see him for years, but my husband saw him constantly through the Mexican and the civil war. During the late war my husband was sick and wanted to get a furlough. He went to Grant direct, but the guards around wouldn't let him in. He sent in his name, however, and the General had him admitted at once, even coming to meet him, and you may be sure he got the furlough. Another time my husband was going to the office in the morning and a buggy drove by. He didn't notice who was in it, but the occupant called out, 'Hello, Bill.' It was Gen. Grant—he was President then—who was driving out to see his relatives in Clermont County. He was very pleasant and inquired about all his old friends. There was no pride about Gen. Grant.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*."

GEN. GRANT ALWAYS CARRIED MATCHES.

In the Winter of 1884 Gen. Grant visited Governor Cornell at Albany and was received by the Legislature. At the close of the affair in the Assembly chamber the General repaired, with other gentlemen, to the Speaker's room. While wrapping up for the drive to the Executive Mansion, Speaker Sharpe handed the General

a cigar, looked in his pocket for a match, but found none, and turned to others to find that they were no better off. Considerably frustrated, he undertook to apologize, but the genial old soldier put the laugh upon the Speaker by drawing from his pocket a match-box and saying: "Sharpe, I am always armed for such a great emergency as this. I have been in close quarters before now, but I never yet found myself in the dire extremity of having a cigar and no match to light it with."—*Albany Journal*.

GEN. GRANT NOMINATES AN ENEMY.

To a reporter of the *Washington Star*, Gen. E. T. Beale said not long ago:

"I saw Gen. Grant once while at a white heat of vexation, in the Library of the White House, put personal prejudices and wishes aside, and do his duty without question. He had been abused and slandered by a certain person to such an extent that he could only recognize him as a personal and a bitter enemy. The question arose whether that person should be nominated to the Senate or not for a position. I knew all the circumstances, and said to Gen. Grant: 'What are you going to do about it?' 'Do about it?' he repeated, 'I will send his name to the Senate. He has deserved his appointment by his services to his country, and no personal ill feeling on my part shall prevent his obtaining what he deserves.' He sat down and signed the nomination, and it was sent to the Senate at once.

"When Gen. Grant has been a visitor at my house, children would overwhelm him with requests for his autograph. Often when he would return home late at night from some reception, tired and sleepy, on his table would be a pile of autograph albums a foot or two high. Mrs. Beale would say: 'Come, General, it is time to retire. You are tired and need rest. Don't stop to write in those books to-night, but wait till morning.'

'No,' Gen. Grant would reply, 'I'll do it to-night. These books belong to little children, and they will stop for them on their way to school in the morning, and I don't want to disappoint them;' and he would write in every one."

GEN. GRANT AT LONG BRANCH.

In speaking of Gen. Grant at Long Branch, an old intimate friend said to a *New York Times* reporter:

"He was always the simple republican citizen. I well remember riding along the bluff one evening with an English gentleman who had recently arrived in America, and was not too supercilious to take a lively interest in his surroundings. As we bowled along the level drive I saw a dark bay horse, with a long, swinging gait, approaching with a light top wagon behind him. In the wagon sat a square, sturdily built man, whose air of set determination would have struck the most casual observer. He wore a plain suit of black and a rusty silk hat. He held the lines loosely in one hand, and appeared to be enjoying the fresh southerly sea breeze. I turned to my English friend and said:

"Here comes the President."

"President of what?" he inquired.

"President of the United States," I answered.

"What; that gentlemen—alone—in a buggy! God bless my soul."

"He took a good, long look at Gen. Grant, and then, turning to me said very earnestly:

"My boy, you live in a wonderful country, and you have wonderful men, but you may hang me if I expected to see a great hero, whom the people had raised to the highest position in the country, riding about in a buggy, and driving his own horse."

"Grant always drove about the Branch in a buggy. I don't think he was ever seen in any other kind of a conveyance. He was usually accompanied by his son Jessie, and he had a horse that would get him home in a hurry if a storm blew up. Mrs. Grant used to ride in a large carriage, which at one time was drawn by four horses, but that was when four-in-hands were as common here as tandems are now.

"The General was also fond of horseback riding. His old skill, acquired at West Point never deserted him. He had a beautiful iron-gray colt when he first came here. If I remember correctly, the animal was bred on his farm out West. He used to go out every morning before breakfast upon this horse, and taught him all the gaits usually taught to thoroughbred Kentucky saddle horses. When he first began to ride the colt the animal was naturally frisky, but the General sat him as if he were part of the horse."

THE HERO AS A MAN AND GENTLEMAN.

AN EPISODE OF THE NIGHT EXPRESS FROM NEW YORK TO
WASHINGTON.

After the war was over, a few months after the surrender of Lee to Grant, in the early days of President Johnson's administration, a prominent Southern gentleman who had been compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances to give an unwilling adherence to the "lost cause" and had lost everything in consequence, was going with two lady relatives from New York to Washington on urgent personal business by the express train that left New York at night. The gentleman had not thought it necessary to engage sleeping accommodation for his ladies in advance, taking it for granted he could obtain them on the train; but to his disappointment he found that he had miscalculated. Every sleeping berth or apartment in the sleeping car had been taken, and although he made all sorts of offers to buy berths or apartments at a premium, no one was willing to sell.

To render the matter worse, the ladies were worn out with fatigue, and serious consequences to at least one of them were likely to ensue if she was deprived of another night's needed rest. But there seemed to be no help for it, and, with positive sadness in his face and heart, the gentleman was compelled to announce to the two ladies (who were still lingering in one of the sleeping cars, hoping against hope) that they would have to sit up all the way through to Washington.

The ladies sighed, and then to their infinite surprise a gentleman who had been sitting quietly near them, apparently taking no notice of anybody or anything, though really hearing and seeing everything, arose and addressed their gentleman escort:

"I see you have some ladies with you, sir," said the stranger, "and as I have a section of this car at my command, I would feel honored if your ladies would accept it."

Needless to say, this most unexpectedly kind offer was received by the tired ladies with gratitude and enthusiasm. The stranger modestly waived all claim to such demonstrations, and, after the necessary preliminaries of the transfer, was about, with a bow, to leave the astonished group, when the Southern gentleman stopped him, and, shaking him by the hand, warmly insisted upon knowing to

whom he and his were indebted for such, under the circumstances, chivalrous politeness.

The stranger tried to avoid giving his name, but finding the grateful Southerner would not be satisfied, he said simply: "My name is Grant."

The Southerner, still more astonished, looked at the stranger more closely than before. Yes, the calm, half-stern, half-genial face, the square head, the steadfast eyes, were those of the generous conqueror at Appomattox Court House, by this time familiar to the country, North and South.

"You are General Ulysses S. Grant, are you not, sir?" asked the Southerner of the stranger.

"I am," the stranger simply replied, and then made another effort to pass on. But he was again prevented, this time by the ladies as well as their escort.

"But, General," said the escort, "I am a Southern man, and as yet," he added, jokingly, "only partially 'reconstructed.'"

"Then, in that case, I am all the more happy," said Grant, "to think that it has been in my power to render you and yours a little service." And with a pleasant bow to the man and a genial smile to the two ladies, the commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, the leading military man of his time, passed on and away, and probably passed the weary night in the smoking-car.

It was a little thing, but it showed the man as he was—modest, chivalric to women, kindly to the South, a thorough gentleman; and to-day U. S. Grant has no sincerer mourner than the lady, the only one now alive of the three, whom he that night on that train to Washington obliged.—*Sunday Mercury*.

GRANT'S APPRECIATION OF SHERIDAN.

In 1875 Grant attended a centennial celebration at Concord, Mass., and on his return to New York passed through this city. For four hours three Hartford gentlemen rode in his company in a compartment of a drawing-room car, and during the ride he occupied the greater portion of the time in conversation, greatly to the surprise of one or two of his companions who had accepted his usual reticence as a common and uniform habit. But he went on in this talk and spoke of himself, modestly, and of the way in which the responsi-

bilities of the war grew upon him. He felt them much less than might naturally be supposed. He had relief and great help in his always trustworthy chief military subordinates, of whom he spoke in terms of the highest praise. Referring to several of them by name, and especially to Sherman, for whom he bore a strong personal affection, and to Sheridan, he said with emphasis: "I consider Phil Sheridan the greatest captain of the age!" And, as if to show how complete his confidence in him was, it being impossible for him to show his own estimate by any ordinary manner of speech, he used this striking and extravagant illustration: "If Sheridan had been in Von Moltke's place in the Franco-Prussian war he could have dictated terms to the French Army without moving on the French border and without leaving Berlin.--*Hartford Times*."

AN INCIDENT AT SHILOH.

Major W. H. Chamberlin was an officer of the Eighty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served with Gen. Grant during the whole of the campaign of 1862. Major Chamberlin tells a story of the General which has a peculiar significance in that it gives a key to his mode of action. "It was on the second day of the battle of Shiloh," said the Major in speaking of the circumstance to the *Times-Star*. "The first day, you know, had been disastrous to our forces, which had been driven back. Early in the morning of the second day Gen. Grant rode through our lines to the front, accompanied by some officer, I do not know who. The two were having an animated conversation, and as they passed where I was standing I heard Gen. Grant remark: 'All the advantage is on the side of the attacking party.' Within a few minutes after they had passed me I heard the guns on our right open up, an order to advance was given, and the Union soldiers, who were compelled to retire on the previous day, themselves assumed the aggressive and were victorious. That one remark of Gen. Grant was significant of his whole career. He believed in attack rather than defense, and Shiloh alone proved the correctness of his theory."

FACTS ABOUT GRANT.

His favorite book, as a boy, was Charles O'Malley.

One of his requests was that he should be allowed to sit up and not die in bed.

His mother was an enthusiastic Methodist, and believed in personal holiness and the nearness of the second coming.

Among the portraits in George W. Childs' office is one of Gen. Grant and the Emperor of China, taken seated together and arm in arm.

For several years he owned a house in Philadelphia, but he never occupied it. It was lost, with all the rest of its effects, in the financial crash.

Until given over to the government, all the souvenirs of his European trip were at the office of George W. Childs, to whose custody he confided them.

When a boy, if he ever went beyond a place, he never retraced his footsteps, but took a roundabout tour to reach the destination some other way. He often said he attributed his success to a resolution taken in youth, to "never turn back" in any undertaking.

Gen. Grant smoked his last cigar on the 20th of November, 1884. In a letter to a friend mentioning the circumstances, he said he had smoked many thousands of cigars, and they had been his greatest comfort through the last years of war on the battlefield.

It is a curious coincidence that the fathers-in-law of Gen. Grant's sons all suffered financial reverses, like himself. Fred. Grant married a daughter of Mr. Honore, of Chicago, once a millionaire. Buck Grant married a daughter of Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, who lost heavily. Jesse Grant married a daughter of Mr. Chapman, a former California Cæsus.

A DARK DAY.

"The darkest day of my life," Gen. Grant once said to a friend, "was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and starting up again in the gutters. We had fought it as war, now we

had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theatre, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant, saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theatre. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: 'There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day with some other men and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining room. Here he is now riding after us.' I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seems that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plans. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me; that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remember that the conductor had locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

GEN. GRANT IN WASHINGTON.

THE SIMPLICITY OF HIS LIFE THERE.

Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous public man that ever lived in Washington. He was known to every man, woman and child in the district before his name was before the people for the Presidency. While General of the Army his headquarters were at the corner of Seventeenth and F streets. He used to walk to and fro morning and evening, along with the procession of clerks, and with nothing but his well-worn military cloak in winter, and the familiar figure in

summer, and the cigar always, to distinguish him from the crowd. He was usually absorbed in himself, and walked mechanically, though while going to work, very rapidly. While President he was the same sort of man. He loved a good horse dearly, and sometimes drove a four-in-hand drag, but he usually walked or took a street car. In either case he was always the cynosure of many curious eyes. He had evidently become accustomed to this, and paid no attention to it as long as people kept out of his way, or did not force themselves on his personal notice. When they did he was annoyed, and would turn abruptly on his heel to escape. He always acted on the street like any other private citizen who wanted to be let alone. This was so evident, that men, big and little, respected it, and the President of the United States could often be seen sauntering down the crowded avenue alone.

He was known to have walked from the Capitol to the White House on a pleasant day, when the whole city was out, without suffering a single interruption. Yet if he saw men raise their hats to him he never failed to return the salute. During such a walk nearly everybody would stare and turn and stare again at him as he passed. He seemed to walk among crowds to be alone. Of late years he had apparently shaken off much of this taciturnity, and when he visited Washington could be seen about the Willard lobby chatting with friends and listening and laughing at their stories, and telling stories of his own in return. He mistrusted those who wanted to make a show of him, but patiently suffered the tortures of boredom at the greatest receptions ever given at the White House. When he took a notion to attend a dinner party, he went, without regard to the customary etiquette of the White House, which prohibits the President from indulging in such things.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Gen. Grant's Christian faith was simple, yet sturdy. It combined childlike trustfulness with the intellectual vigor of manhood's conviction. While never making display of that side of his nature, it was the habit of his life to look to Divine guidance in all of his undertakings, and he attributed his successes to the inspiration gathered therefrom. Nor was his faith shaken by reverses, although often in the family circle and with his closest friends he expressed the wish that he was stronger in his reliance. Rev. Dr. Newman says: "I became his pastor in 1869. I have been his guest many times. And at all times, in the White House at Washington or at his cottage in Long Branch, he always had family prayers, in which

he usually requested me to lead. I called at the White House on his last Sunday there—his last night in office. Mr. Hayes was then having a reception at John Sherman's. I found the General and Mrs. Grant, with Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris, quietly sitting in the Blue Room. We talked a while. Then at the General's request we all knelt in prayer."

Rev. Dr. Newman says of Gen. Grant: "Once I asked him, I remember, what he considered his most providential experience. Without hesitation he said:

"My resignation from the army in 1854. I was then a captain. If I had stayed in the army I would have been still a captain on frontier duty at the outbreak of the war and would thus have been deprived of the right to offer my services voluntarily to the country. That opportunity shaped my future."

GEN. GRANT'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN, McCLELLAN, BISMARCK, NAPOLEON, ETC. ETC.

[From John Russell Young's *Around the World with Gen. Grant.*]

I have no doubt that Lincoln will be the conspicuous figure of the war, one of the great figures of history. He was a great man, a very great man. The more I saw of him the more this impressed me. He was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him especially was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs. Under all this; he had a firm will and a clear policy. People used to say that Seward swayed him, or Chase or Stanton. This was a mistake. He might appear to go Seward's way one day, and Stanton's another, but all the time he was going his own course and they with him. It was that gentle firmness in carrying out his own will, without apparent force or friction, that formed the basis of his character.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

The tactics for which Jackson is famous and which achieved such remarkable results belonged entirely to the beginning of the war, and to the peculiar conditions under which the earlier battles were fought. They would have insured destruction to any commander who tried them upon Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, or in fact any of our great generals. Consequently Jackson's fame as a general depends upon achievements gained before his generalship was tested, before he had a chance of matching himself with a really great commander. No doubt, so able and patient a man as Jackson, who worked so hard at anything he attempted, would have adapted himself to new conditions and risen with them. He died before his opportunity. I always respected Jackson, personally and esteemed his sincere and manly character.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

McClellan was then in Cincinnati in command. He had been appointed Major-General in the regular army. I was delighted with the appointment. I knew McClellan and had great confidence in him. I have, for that matter, never lost my respect for McClellan's character nor my confidence in his loyalty and ability. I saw in him the man who was to pilot us through, and I wanted to be on his staff. I thought that if he would make me a major or a lieutenant-colonel I could be of use, and I wanted to be with him. So when I came to Cincinnati I went to the headquarters. Several of the staff officers were friends I had known in the army. I asked one of them if the General was in. I was told he had just gone out and was asked to take a seat. Everybody was so busy that they could not say a word. I went over to make a visit to an old army friend, Reynolds, and while there, learned that Gov. Gates, of Illinois, had made me a colonel of volunteers. Still I should like to have joined McClellan.

Pomp and ceremony was common at the beginning of the war. McClellan had three times as many men with quills behind their ears as I had ever found necessary at the headquarters of a much larger command. Fremont had as much state as a sovereign and was as difficult to approach. His headquarters alone required as much transportation as a division of troops. I was under his command a part of the time and remember how imposing was his manner of doing business. He sat in a room in full uniform, with his maps before him. When you went in he would point out one line or another in a mysterious manner, never asking you to take a seat. You left without the slightest idea of what he meant or what he wanted you to do.

M'CLELLAN.

McClellan is to me one of the mysteries of the war. As a young man, he was always a mystery. He had the way of inspiring you with the idea of immense capacity if he would only have a chance. Then he is a man of unusual accomplishments, a student and a well-read man. I have never studied his campaigns enough to make up my mind as to his military skill, but all my impressions are in his favor. I have entire confidence in McClellan's loyalty and patriotism. But the test which was applied to him would be terrible to any man, being made a major-general at the beginning of the war. It has always seemed to me that the critics of McClellan do not consider this vast and cruel responsibility—the war, a new thing to all of us, the army new, everything to do from the outset, with a restless people and Congress. McClellan was a young man when this devolved upon him, and if he did not succeed it was because the conditions of success were so trying. If McClellan had gone into the war as did Sherman, Thomas or Meade, had fought his way along and up, I have no reason to suppose he would not have now as high a distinction as any of us.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

The march to the sea was proposed by me in a letter to Halleck before I left the Western army; my objective point was Mobile. It was not a sudden inspiration, but a logical move in the game. It was the next thing to be done. We had gone so far into the South that we had to go to the sea. We could not go anywhere else, for we were certainly not going back. The details of the march, the conduct, the whole glory belong to Sherman. I never thought much as to the origin of the idea. I presume it grew up in correspondence with Sherman; that is took shape as those things always do. Sherman is a man with so many resources and a mind so fertile that once an idea takes root it grows rapidly.

PLEASED WITH PEACE.

I was never more delighted at anything than the close of the war. I never liked service in the army—not as a young officer. I did not want to go to West Point. My appointment was an accident and my father had to use his authority to make me go. If I could have escaped West Point without bringing myself into disgrace at home I would have done so. I remember about the time I entered the Academy there were debates in Congress over a proposal to abolish West Point. I used to look over the papers and read the Congress reports with eagerness to see the progress the bill made, and hoping to hear that the school had been abolished, that I could go home to my father without being in disgrace. I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I never want to command another army. I take no interest in armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershot, I told his royal Highness that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty. I had no thought of rank; all I did was to try and make myself useful.

BISMARCK AND GAMBETTA.

Speaking of the notable men I have met in Europe, I regard Bismarck and Gambetta as the greatest. I saw a good deal of Bismarck in Berlin and later in Gastein, and had a long talk with him. He impresses you as a great man. Gambetta also impressed me greatly. I was not surprised when I met him, to see the power he wielded over France. I should not be surprised at any prominence he might attain in the future. I was very much pleased with the Republican leaders in France. They seemed a superior body of men. My relations with them gave me great hopes for the future of the republic. They were men apparently of sense, wisdom and moderation.

NAPOLEON.

I have always had an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark the Prince Imperial was there, and some one thought it might be pleasant for me to meet him. I declined, saying I did not want to see him or any of his family. Of course, the first emperor was a great genius, but one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. Outside of his military skill, I do not see a redeeming trait in his character. He abused France for his own ends, and brought incredible disasters upon his own country to gratify his selfish ambition. I do not think any genius can excuse a crime like that. The third Napoleon was worse than the first, the especial enemy of America and liberty.

SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

WHY HE DID NOT BUY A UNIFORM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE
WAR—THE WARD-FISH CONNECTION.

Gen. Grant, like some other great commanders, never wore his uniform when he could avoid doing so. He records the fact himself that he apologized to Gen. Lee for receiving him at the surrender in a blouse and tattered felt hat, when according to usage, he should have been attired in full uniform. Gen. Lee got out his best uniform for the occasion. Gen. Grant was in the service several months as a volunteer colonel before he got a uniform. He was called to Headquarters in St. Louis by Gen. Fremont, and in his citizen's apparel, found it difficult to get the orderly to take his card to the august commanding General, and it is just possible that he would not have succeeded in seeing him at all, unless he made a demonstration, had he not been recognized by a passing officer, who knew him in the old service, and who instructed the orderly to present the card at once to Gen. Fremont. The card simply bore the signature "U. S. Grant," written in pencil on a bit of pasteboard, handed him by the orderly. Gen. Fremont, who was always fully uniformed while on duty, and who observed all the pomp and dignity his situation would admit of, was surrounded by a gayly uniformed crowd of staff officers, many of whom to this day remember his exclamation when he received the card, "U. S. Grant! I've been momentarily expecting him. Show him in at once." Col. Grant received an important command from the department commander, and was leaving when the latter asked: "Why are you not in uniform?" "Not thinking the war will last long, or amount to much, I have not got one for myself," replied Col. Grant, whereupon Fremont insisted he should get a uniform without delay, and indeed sent an aide with him to a particular tailor, and would not let him leave until it had been finished.

This uniform lasted Gen. Grant throughout the war, being properly

altered as to buttons and bullion with each promotion. Like other public men Gen. Grant was very careless with his hats, and generally wore a shockingly neglected silk hat. He preferred a soft felt hat, but thought it might be considered affectation to wear one, and contented himself with the conventional high hat, which was seldom in the fashion. He thought a man in a good fitting frock coat looked every inch a gentleman, but never liked the dress suit, and avoided all dinners where he had to wear one. He always wore boots, and was very particular about having a good shine.

All men have their personal vanities, and Gen. Grant's greatest weakness in his latter life was to be considered a business man. It flattered his vanity, perhaps unconsciously, to be considered an active member of his firm of Grant & Ward, and he was as regular in attendance and as methodic in his manner of going to and from the office and in observing business hours, as any clerk in the street. He generally walked down from his house and took the Sixth avenue elevated either at Fifty-ninth street or Forty-second street, the same hour to the minute. He generally met on the train Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field, the Seligmans and other prominent business men, and he would evince evident pride in the consciousness of his being a business man. Once he observed to Jay Gould: "We business men are machines, after all." He passed his time in the office smoking and chatting. He probably thought he had an insight in the business, and was conscientiously discharging his self-assumed duties, and believed he knew what he was talking about when he wrote Fish that he understood the business and was watching over the youngsters. In the army he accepted and believed the reports of his subordinates, and so now he believed the statements of his partner and friend, Ferdinand Ward. Any one who conversed with Gen. Grant, in those days can testify that he showed himself thoroughly familiar with the ramifications of the market, and probably in legitimate speculation would have been much abler than the scheming Ward. He had great faith in Ward, and always defended him in his official association. He never ventured in Ward's famous "private office," but always pointed to it with respect. At 3 o'clock he always left the office and took the Sixth avenue elevated to Twenty-third street and then he would walk home, after stopping in the Fifth avenue Hotel to make a call on some friend.

There was never much companionship between Gen. Grant and Fish, as he was inclined to consider the latter rather gay, but Ward frequently joined the home circle in the evening and indulged in the usual game of cards. One reason why Grant liked Ward besides his admiration for his financial abilities was that his early religious training caused him to object to off-color stories, and it is well-known that Grant never told such, nor allowed any to be told in his presence if he could prevent it. Men who revelled in such stories never dared tell them in the office of Grant & Ward in the presence of the General, who to improve his knowledge of business was eager to talk about the market and the situation to any and all, and as a consequence he was got "on a string" for fun.—*World*.

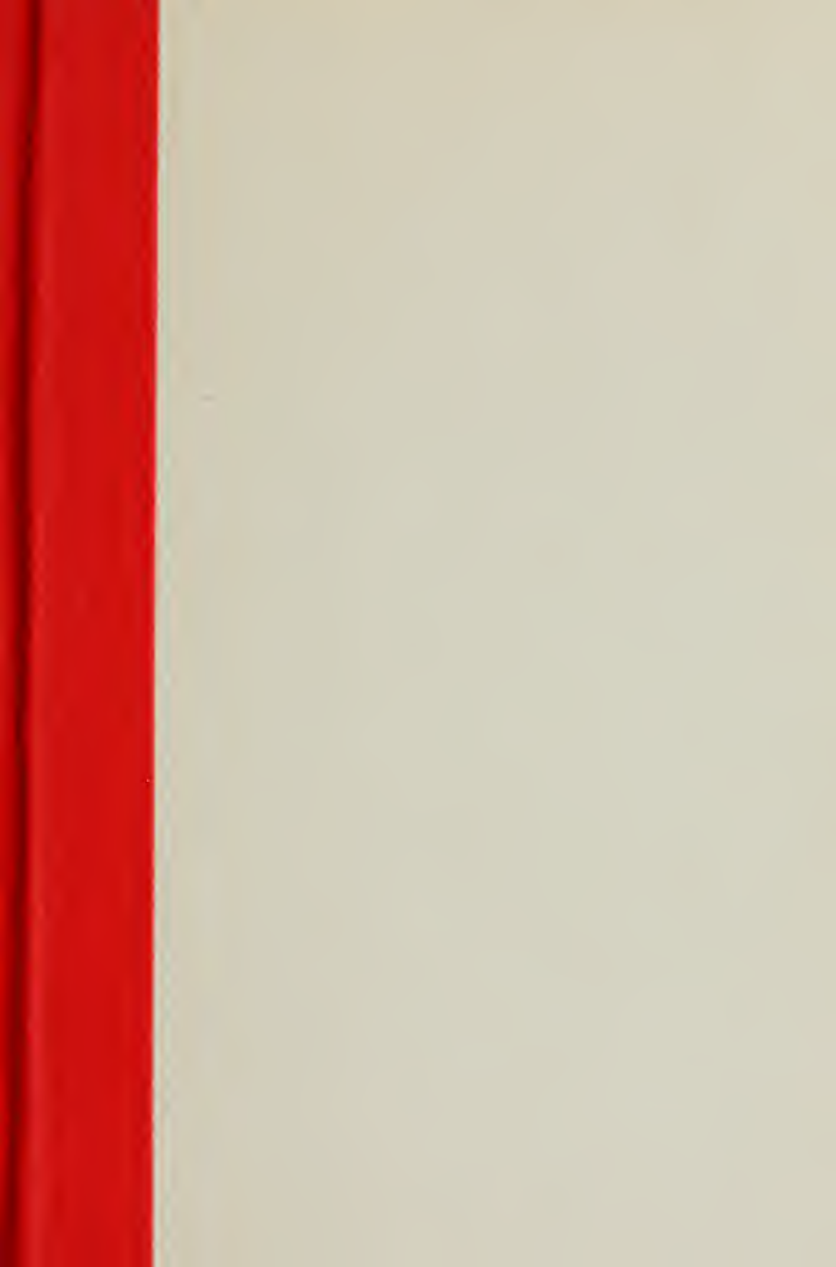
GRANT'S LETTER ON HIS WANING LIFE.

The following remarkable document was written by Gen. Grant in Dr. Douglass's presence on July 2 :

"I ask you not to show this to any one, unless the physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly, I want it kept from my family. If known to one man the papers will get it and they (the family) will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex would distress me. I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain strength some days, but when I go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather towards winter. Of course there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off suddenly. The most probable of those is choking. Under the circumstances life is not worth the living.' I am very thankful (for thankful, glad was written, but scratched out and thankful substituted) to have been spared this long, because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me and are not likely to suggest themselves to any one else. Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest, the most pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say, therefore, to you and your colleagues, to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expression towards me in person from all parts of our country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederates and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, religious and other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure. So to you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things.

"U. S. GRANT."

"Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 2, 1885."



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